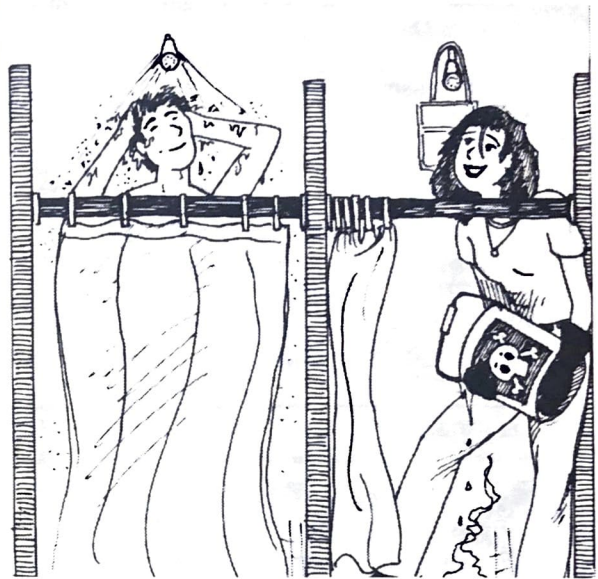


THE OMEN

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE, VOL. 16, ISSUE 2, FEBRUARY 23rd

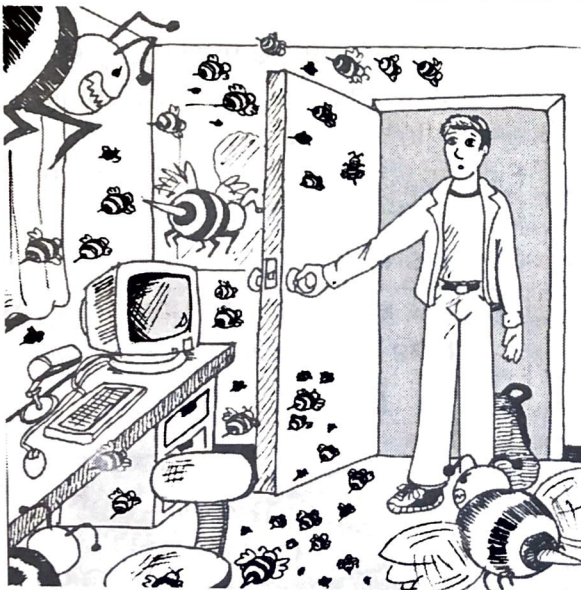


Tell them there's a hall meeting...
when there isn't one!



Throw cold acid in their shower.

PRANKS TO PLAY ON FEB STUDENTS



Release ten thousand bees
in their room.



Bury them alive.



C O N T E N T S

I am Rosie's Oppressed Status... Token Latina was brainwashed!	4 5
Shouting Music In A Comatose Fire	6
The Value of Being Crass	8
On "Political Correctness"	9
Untitled Column about Movies	10
The New Math	11
We Get Letters	11
Dare to Dream	12
Don't Build that Western Town	13
So Avant-Garde it Hurts	14
What's Weak This Week	15
Water = Negative Lack of Water	16
Are We Not Meningitis?	18
The <i>Omen</i> : We Print Everything	19
Rad is Rad	20
The Dream Teaser	21
Gabe Started Drinking	22
Famous Febs	24

omen

VOLUME 16, NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY 23, 2001

editors & staff

Michael Pierce	I'll Pay For Pizza
Gwynne Watkins	No, I Will
Gabriel McKee	What Gwynne Said
J Wilder Konschack	Benni Will
Michael Zole	I Only Have 2 Dollars
Shaun Boyle	I Want Chinese
Christine Fernsebner Eslao	Racist!
Karl Moore	None of that Vegan Shit!
Zak Kauffman	Will Suck Cock for Cigs
Jeffrey Paternostro	And how!
Laura Torres	Source Has Better Pizza
Dorian Gittleman	Can I get sex with that?
Aundria L. Theocles	I Like Pizza

contributors

Brady Burroughs	Alyssa Dzaugis
John Wible	Max Power
Rosalina Valdez	

COVER BY | WILDER KONSCHACK

Views in the *Omen* (5)
Do Not Necessarily (7)
Reflect the Staff's Views (5)

to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



THE ONLY ART
I LIKE WRAPPED IN
PLASTIC IS PORN.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO
KARL MOORE

FROM THE EDITOR



NOTE TO READER: The views of the staff writers of the *Omen* (as reported in the Staff Box opposite this page) are not necessarily the views of those of the contributors to the *Omen* (also reported on the opposite page in the Contributors box). Do I have to say it again?

And if you think this hasn't always been our policy, or hasn't been a problem for people who read the *Omen*, let's go back to October 31st, 1997. The Volume is 13, and the issue number is 3. Jordan Strauss was the Editor-in-Chief, and in another one of his "well-written" editorials, he continues to say the same things I do today. Here's the entirety of it:

"I would like to talk about the merits of an objective forum. Here at the *Omen* we have an old saying (blah) a donut with no hole is a Danish. That just does not apply here. It is a funny line from Caddyshack. The point I wanted to drive home here is that just because we may print something about date rape, that does not mean that we get our kicks raping women. By the same token, we may not agree with the rebuttal. This should be pretty clear by this point, but just to make sure I would like to draw an example from very recent times tonight I was in my room watching cable news (CNN). They had a story on some company that was dumping chemicals into some river. That does not mean that they (CNN) support the bastards just that they wanted to tell us all about it okay, that story did not really make much sense. Experimental journalism sucks."

In fact, the *Omen's* policy has been this way since its creation back in 1992. However, I've decided to change this. Due to recent attacks against the *Omen*, I've decided to slightly change our format for the rest of this semester. I'm gonna make

the *Omen* a happier, friendlier magazine single handedly. First, for every article I get, I'm gonna find and replace all curse words. For example, "fuck" will be changed to "krunk." "Shit" will become "crap." Even "damn" shall be changed to "darn." And don't even think about using the word "bitch" - it's "female dog" from now on out.

After that, I'll rate the articles on their content. Everyone automatically receives one point for submitting to the *Omen*. Everytime an article talks about women in a degrading manner, that's five points. If an article discusses matters involving minorities in a negative light, that is also five points. If killing the president is mentioned, that's 10 points. If the words "rape," "nigger," or "cunt" are used, an additional 3 points will be added on for each one.

After tallying up the scores, I'll list them on a special sheet of paper. Then I'll compare them with my brand spanking new "*Omen* Scoresheet." All articles with a rating of 5 or less shall enter the *Omen* "unedited." If they are rated between 5 and 15 points, I'll rewrite paragraphs that have been deemed "offensive." Words such as "beautiful," "kind," and "inexperienced" shall be written into these articles in order to "soften" any harsh blows. Anything over 15 points shall be completely rewritten by me. And if I don't like the topic, I have the power to completely change the topic and write about anything I want, as long as it falls under the rules listed here.

In fact, I might even change the name of the *Omen* to reflect my influence a little more. Maybe I'll call it, "Benni's Views." I'd like to read a magazine with that name. It would certainly interest me.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. **Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.**

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond.



23 FEBRUARY, 2001

SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

I AM ROSIE'S OPPRESSED STATUS AT HAMPSHIRE

Ahhh, a good plug for my favorite movie *Fight Club*. Good movie. As a matter of fact, buy the movie right now (both the VHS and DVD versions of it), gather the kids around, pass the popcorn bowl, and have a fun-filled evening.

This past week has been quite the eye opener for me. After hearing second hand accounts about the race relation conflicts of the past year, I am finally able to see what all the commotion is about.

Monday night, along with two of my close friends I decided to go and take a look at the exhibit on race relations of the past year. What I saw angered, saddened, and sickened me.

In an attempt to educate people about the events of last semester concerning race, the people running the event held, in my opinion, an informal lynching of the *Omen*, *Polylingus*, and the mod that created the "infamous" party poster.

Let's have a little walk through...shall we?

You enter the gallery and you see beautiful artwork and writings up on the walls. Very nice. You keep on going, enjoying the artwork and go to the far left of the gallery where you can watch various television screens that have documentaries on racial and homosexual rights. Then you take a couple of steps back to the middle of the room and you look down.

All the beautiful imagery and words are thrust into the

back of your mind as you take a look at large blown up posters from The *Omen*, *Polylingus* and the Prescott mod that are taped to the floor.

Maybe I'm reading a little too into this, but why did they have to be taped to the floor? Was this their way of saying, "Hey look, I'm against these posters so I'm going to step all over them?" Clever. Really.

For those of you that didn't see the exhibit, the posters had the words "On our own terms" spray painted in block letters on them and other comments like, "Am I really?" on them. Apparently they were put on display to show how women and minorities have been represented this past year and how they are outraged.

This may be a shocking new revelation, but guess what? Yes, I am a female, yes I am a hispanic or a Woman of Color (as I was so kindly labeled) and NO, I am not offended whatsoever by the posters or articles of the past year. I know that the people that created the posters didn't create them to belittle me. I'm sure that when Brady wrote his article and Wade created the poster they didn't create them with the intent to make me feel uncomfortable on this campus. I can't see them sitting in their dorm rooms saying, "Wow, this might really make Rosalina, other females and minorities uncomfortable, let's do it!"

What DOES make me feel comfortable is how I'm told time and time again that I should be upset about the way that the *Omen* and the Prescott mod have objectified women this past year and that as a woman of color, I should go and visit the people at Raices, the Cul-

BY ROSALINA VALDEZ

TOKEN LATINA WAS BRAINWASHED!

BY LAURA TORRES

I, Laura Torres, have just come to the startling realization that I have been hoodwinked by the white capitalistic, bourgeois *Omen* pig. Wilder, Benni, and the ever-notorious Zak (whose name is a recursive acronym—evilness right there) tricked me into using my Latina status for their own gain and popularity. This is proven especially by Zak's unexpected popularity and luck with the ladies. None of that would have happened if he hadn't been writing for a forum that featured a Latina writer. Fuck you Benni! I see through your dirty little tricks now! You and your charming smile at the library circulation desk all the while quietly exploiting me...

All students of color, women and other minorities (of which there are many): do not write for the *Omen*. I repeat. Stay away from the *Omen*. Avoid them like the plague. The *Omen* is clearly not for you. They are lying hypocrites. I've seen what they have done to my *Paradigms of Latin American History* submissions! They turn them into some drivel about old Ecuadorian men hitting on me and tube socks! Don't let what happened to me happen to you! The rest of my article will be a step by step explanation detailing how they lure innocent Latinas like myself into writing about porn and having sex

with dead animals with Latino lovers grabbing my ass!

First one must learn to recognize the *Omen* writers. If you will look at back issues (which I have and am happy to share with you all) there are often pictures of them generally with pornographic backgrounds. Should you see one of these writers on campus, cast them dirty looks and do not in any way attempt to have reasonable dialogue with them! They are armed with sharp wit and are considered extremely dangerous. If contact has already been established with one of these nefarious writers then you must be ready to combat them with a battlebot preferably built by yourself in Lemelson. If you do not have a battlebot and are forced to communicate, keep your eyes averted. All *Omen* writers naturally have suave charm and the next thing you know you are handing Benni your light green floppy disk with hearts on it with a submission about porn. Bad porn I might add. The *Omen* does not have the class to write about good classics such as *Debbie Does Dallas*. Now might be a good time to say that if a female member of the *Omen* staff approaches you, you must under no circumstances look at her breasts. It is extremely tempting but I tell you this is where they gather all their sources

of power. Looking at an *Omeness'* breasts is like looking at the medusa. You will turn over your floppy disk with an evil submission about community council this way.

The best way to avoid writing for the *Omen* is to join a student group under SOURCE. SOURCE is like the witness protection program and they have many, many battlebots. The Cultural Center for the most part is the central hub for SOURCE. Long before I was kidnapped by the *Omen* I used to go to the Cultural Center. It is nice. Very comfortable. I miss the Cultural Center. They always got good takeout. These various groups will help you feel safe by feeding you, coddling to your psychiatric needs as an "other". Not only that I understand that they offer intensive *Omen* defense training seminars for free! You will feel free to submit your writing to these groups because unlike the *Omen* you won't have to write about anything you want.

I hope you all will have learned a lesson from me. I want to state that while this is a regrettable state of affairs I still have hope that one day I will break through the shackles of the Pub Lab. And eat the *Omen* before it is distributed. Mmm *Omen*...



I AM ROSIE'S OPPRESSED...

continuations

tural Center or hang out at the Women of Color mod. Why do I need to surround myself with people of the same race or sex? I didn't do it back in California and I don't feel the need to do that here. There will be no trips to any Raices meetings, to the Cultural Center,

and I won't be having a sleepover at the Women of Color mod anytime soon.

So what have we learned today kids? I like *Fight Club*. I'm a female woman of color that was not offended by the *Omen*'s, the meetings, to the Cultural Center,

material last year. And I think it's safe to say that we learned that Raices or Source will not be knocking at my dorm door trying to invite me to a potluck anytime soon.

Will the *Omen* kids invite me to a potluck? I'll bring nachos.





SHOUTING MUSIC IN A COMATOSE FIRE



Hampshire has always had its share of graffiti, but lately it's been like crop circles, randomly appearing in the middle of the night, seemingly out of nowhere, its purpose so mysterious that it may well be of extraterrestrial origin. We all have to pay for its removal, so we might as well learn to appreciate it as art, or at least entertainment. Below, we document & review some of our favorites, before they perish at the philistine hands of Physical Plant.

Library Steps, February 2001

"What we need to discuss: •Racism •Sexism" Like a zen koan, this piece confounds us with a paradox: there needs to be a discussion, but the medium, anonymous vandalism, prevents its own demands from being fulfilled.

"WHITE SILENCE? WHITE PRIVILEGE? ZERO TOLERANCE FOR SEXIST TERROR" The massive letters question the viewer, but before one can an-

swer, they also offer their own answer. Often we have asked ourselves, "White privilege?" And often have answered ourselves: "No thanks, I had a big lunch."

FPH, February 2001

This ambitious installation piece, which the anonymous artist presented over a course of several days, spans from the courtyard to a pillar to the walkway and thus envelops the viewer in what one onlooker/participant described as "self righteous propaganda". It repeats the familiar "white silence" motif throughout, but also informs us that 90% of all white students go to Hampshire, suggesting that either Hampshire's student body is larger than the 1200-student maximum estimate that we've all taken for granted, or perhaps there are far fewer white students in the world than one suspects. ("You'd think it'd be a bigger school then," remarked an acquaintance.) The varying placement of the percent symbol, which sometimes precedes the number and sometimes follows it, sug-

gests a playful attitude towards the established syntax of the establishment.

"Concrete Breeds Apathy", FPH, December 2000

Your abandoned Div I's are



Terror. You know, the sexist kind.

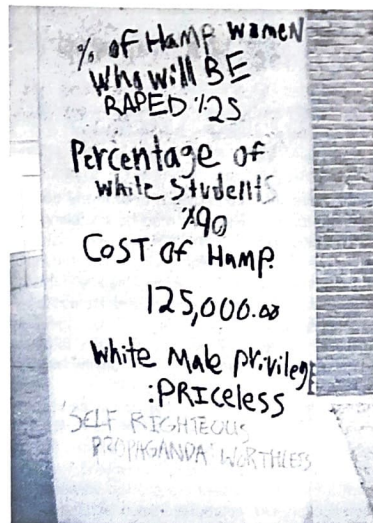
concrete's sad progeny. We suspect this anonymous artist was a Umass student, encouraging the spread of his school's architectural slogan.

Urinal, EDH, undated

"I'm all alone!" cries the EDH urinal, its "aleness" further symbolized by the fact that it is the only graffiti'd wall in any of the four EDH bathrooms. This powerful tribute to isolation is elaborated by another hand, which writes "I'm praying for you," and the ever-present voice of cynicism responds, "You don't go to Hampshire, do you?" – a reminder that faith is just another bullseye for mockery in this cruel, cruel world. Beneath these lines is the following advice, grounding the piece's existential pondering in a "real-world" setting: "Ignore them – you are alone, you poor,



This cruciform inscription graces the Torrey Courtyard.



One plus one equals RACIST!

pathetic bastard! Accept your unfortunate position in life, and go get yourself a job as a night watchman for a museum of postmodern German art." The final touch, placed almost imperceptibly at the very edge, expresses the agony of realization by the transcendence of language itself: "Eeeh..."

Ladies Room, Gallery Basement, Far Stall

"Radio itself has solved a problem that the church itself was unable to solve..." Vladimir Nabokov."

We can only conclude that this quote refers to the paradigm shift that occurred with Howard Stern's meteoric rise to fame.

Another noteworthy exhibit in this stall contrasts the Latin text of Orff's "Carmina Burana" with

the first, "Riot Grrl isn't dead." The second, "Tennis Rules!"

A second series of statements expresses a keen sense of irony and self-awareness on the part of the artist, who begins with the judgemental comment, "How ghetto, y'all writing on bathroom stalls," then proceeds to reverse her view with the reflexive statement, "Oh wait, I'm presently

writing on a bathroom stall." The accusatory tone is re-acquired, however, by the next voice, which questions the use of the term "ghetto." Finally, a point of confirmation is reached, as another hand writes, "My question exactly. That statement car-

ries the weight of numerous assumptions." If this potent wall doesn't cause one to question the usage of "ghetto" to define bathroom stalls, then nothing ever will. The bathroom stall defies labels. The bathroom stall is.

Co-ed bathroom, Library, first floor

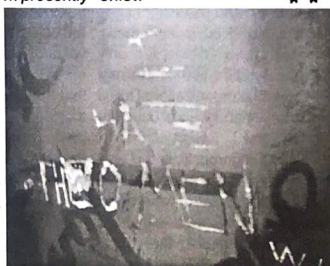
Ladies Room, Gallery Basement, Not-So-Far Stall

The transformation of meaning takes place with every observer, as we are reminded in this stall, where the phrase "Fuck The Revolution Girl" is easily metamorphosed into the declaration "I Fuck Pets, STYLE NOW!" Like the hourglass/faces or the rabbit/duck, this graffiti raises the question: What do you see? Or maybe it simply raises the question carved next to it: "What's the age of consent for a pet?"

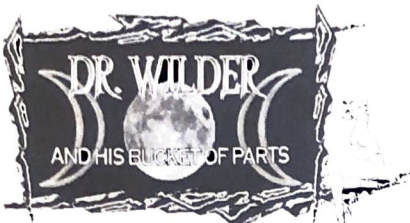
Co-ed bathroom, Library, third floor

"I HATE THE OMEN" declares the bathroom stall inscription, scratched into the blue paint with desperate urgency. Or does it say "I HATE THE WOMEN"? Are these statements polar opposites, or is a clever synthesis the intention: "I HATE THE OMEN WOMEN"?

But how can you hate us? We don't exist.



We can't win either way.



BY J. WILDER, KONSCHAK

In my time as a writer, I've written a lot of crass things. I've put down sexist comments, racist comments, classist comments, who knows what else. I didn't believe any of them, they weren't my thoughts, they were the thoughts of those I opposed, they were meant to be mocked, to be shown for the stupidity that they were. But I wrote them down, yes. Sarcastically. Satirically. Mockingly.

I've recently realized that maybe I should explain myself, since it's been a long time since I've spoken with my own voice. Much, if not all, of what I write in the *Omen* is written on what I think of as a "slant." When I'm talking about how misunderstood I was in my hometown, I'll probably write from the point of view of my hometown. I'll use words they would have used. When I talk about how lonely I am, I'll exaggerate either my depression or my anger to the point of farce, pretending to be those whom I disapprove of. I'll be crude, rude, and mocking; close-minded, misguided, melodramatic, angry. In these articles, the only glimpses you'll have of the real Wilder will be organizational turns and occasional signals of concrete explanation.

This, dangerously, is the way that I write. I find a slant, I find an angle, I find a point of view, and I write through that voice, either accurately representing the wrong that I'm trying to discuss, or trying to mock a foible via hyperbole. A

lot of what I write would have quotation fingers thrown around it in conversation, but they look stupid in writing, and insult the intelligence of the reader. That's to say, the voice I use is not my own, it is a persona, a voice of either sarcasm or exaggeration. This is not because I cannot find my own voice: this is because my own voice is often quite dull, and can only state my point through simple, patient, uninteresting discussion.

In real life, in my real voice, I tend to think that I'm a nice guy. I'm cautious. I'm soft-spoken. I'm patient and even a little wishy-washy. (Yes, sometimes I can be loud and playful and rude, but again, that's usually playing for the value of humor, which I am not ashamed to say I do: my friends know the difference quite well). Thus, in a similar way, when I write, I take on a persona, for entertainment value, for the value of making a point in a more subtle and eloquent way. This is nothing new. The voice of the narrator is rarely the voice of the author. Likewise, the voice of my article is rarely the voice of Wilder.

What bothers me about this is that the point, the intention, of my articles (that which is from Wilder) is often overlooked, while the slants (the artificial, channeled views) are centered on. The satire is being lost. The tone is being dropped. Maybe this is a result of my poor writing. Maybe it's the heightened sensitivity of my readers. Whatever it may be, I fear that readers may

be finding a devil in my details. Readers may be mistaking the evils that I'm trying to mock and represent for the evils of my own brain. I can only imagine that is the confusion, because I refuse to believe that my real messages, my real thoughts, are liable to cause such a response from the campus. And while, yes, I am not the *Omen* alone, it is hard not to feel responsible, being so deeply a part of it.

Sometimes, I will find the satirical voice that I intend, I will represent the slanted views at the appropriate times, and the reader will understand my point, being both entertained and moved by my methods. Sometimes I will fail, and it will be a confused mess. This is a college campus, a place of learning, a place where I should feel free to make these mistakes and not feel threatened.

Furthermore, this is a silly little humor magazine, working hard to be useful and entertaining, and should not be taken too seriously. Some jokes will be in good taste, others will not be. Some will be funny, some will not be. The works here are the works of flawed human beings; of individuals, of individuals without agendas, error-prone, struggling to communicate under a deadline, and slaving away to serve readers.

I know that I personally care deeply about everything I write here, and have come to Hampshire because matters of race, gender, representation, speech, class, culture, etc., matter to me.

THE VALUE OF BEING CRASS

ON "POLITICAL CORRECTNESS"

BY JOHN WIBLE

After having read the *Omen* a few times, I decided that I must write for it. Three months later and after eight or nine ideas for articles have come and gone, I am just now sitting down to write. Before you read anything I write, note that I am one of those people who believes the First Amendment is much more important than any one person's, or groups', or species' feelings.

Appropriately, in this, my first article, my target... I mean topic will be the entire notion of "political correctness". Most of you (I'm assuming, because you're reading the *Omen*) don't consider yourselves politically correct. Furthermore, most of you are. While the *Omen* offers witty remarks about Saga food and Community Council, the writers rarely partake in any real social commentary. Therefore, while reading it you may think that you are helping to further freedom of speech, without actually being truly offended by anything that is written. I am going to attempt to change that by using this beacon of the First Amendment and actually saying what I think.

The concept of political correctness, as we now define it, is a fairly new concept. Historically, it originated as we as a society came to realize that discrimination based on race or creed should not be allowed. Then, as a backlash to McCarthyism, that notion morphed into "political correctness" as we as a society became hypersensitive to anything vaguely resembling frank conversation on race, sex, or sexuality.

For example, I think gay people have the right to get married. I'm sure most of you agree with me here. If they want to get married, however, I think they should get the

hell out of America and go to some backwards third world country where they allow such disgusting shit. They can have all the anal sex they want as long as it's nowhere near me. I mean come on, do we really want a bunch of perverts wandering around these streets? If I said this however I'd be crucified.

Furthermore I don't think women should have been allowed out of the kitchen. Society needs someone to raise children, cook and keep men in check. Do we really need to have women in positions of power? As Mr. Garrison once said, "I don't trust anything that bleeds for five days and doesn't die." Also, can someone explain to me the concept of date rape? Nine times out of ten she was just asking for it, "Oh I didn't want to go that far I just wanted to get undressed, I said, "No. Bullshit. They dress like sluts, they get undressed like sluts, they expect a guy not to. Hell, if it looks like a slut, and act like a slut, why not screw it like a slut?"

Don't even get me started on race. I mean, I don't condone slavery, but what's wrong with keeping those who are genetically inferior in the lower classes? I mean, we've all read Huxley's, *A Brave New World*. You can't give all people a college education. Anyway "colored" people don't mind being uneducated and ignorant. After all...

"...Epsilons don't really mind being Epsilons," she said aloud.

Of course they don't. How can they? They don't know what it's like being anything else. We'd mind, of course. But then we've been differently conditioned. Besides, we start with a different heredity."

:) how many of you are still with

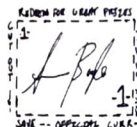
me? I'm sure there are a few of you who want to see me publicly tarred and feathered. I'm sure some of you realized I was kidding. Some of you are realizing it now. Some of you, I'm sure, already left some burning *Omens* on my door and were too stupid to understand I was kidding and too close minded to continue reading. Oh well.

I think I've proved my point. You are (most of you at least) politically correct. Not that that is a bad thing. You live on a liberal campus in a liberal world. Most people here believe in the doctrine of political correctness (even though few would admit it). I would just like to state for the record however that I consider you ignoramuses and hypocritical assholes.

The First Amendment isn't just the freedom for you to express your ideas. It is the freedom for everyone to express their ideas, no matter how politically incorrect, offensive, or plain stupid. If you were truly open-minded you wouldn't just turn away or get incensed at something you disagree with. You would attempt to sit and have an intelligent conversation and discuss facts and statistics. Soon you'll come to realize that most people have reasons for believing what they do (even if it is stupid), and that you are more likely to change their minds by listening to them than by yelling, or burning (::cough:: *Omen* posters ::cough::), or demanding their head. Worse comes to worse, your own ideas may change. And is that such a bad thing? After all, most of the country was violently opposed to the end of slavery—only when we started listening did we start to change for the better.



MORE ON PAGE 23



FILM CRITIC
FOR HIRE

UNTITLED COLUMN ABOUT MOVIES

As always the Academy Award nominations are complete and utter bullshit. I realize this every year, but yet I still follow the Oscars in the hope that one year a truly good film will be recognized. Last year, *American Beauty* won best picture and that wasn't that big of let down, but it was a slight disappointment considering *Three Kings*, *Being John Malkovich*, and *Fight Club* were released in the same year.

So this year *Gladiator* leads the pack with 12 nominations. While I enjoyed *Gladiator*, I didn't think it deserved any nominations in the main categories because it's just a stupid summer action flick. Russell Crowe kills some people in a spectacular fashion and then dies. What the fuck is up with *Chocolat*? I guess Miramax has done it again. Personally, I wouldn't be surprised if more money is spent on Oscar campaigns at Miramax than on actual budgets for movies. It happened last year with the *Cider House Rules* and will happen next year when Miramax picks up another film with some "art house flavor" that they can market to the

masses. It's funny that most people associate art house movies with Miramax. In reality they're responsible for some of the most over rated movies of the last ten years.

Then you have *Erin Brockovich* and *Traffic* both directed by Steven Soderbergh. Soderbergh scored a rare double nomination in this category, and this will hurt both of his film's chances of winning. They're both good films that deal with social issues (something academy voters like a whole lot). I prefer *Erin Brockovich* to *Traffic* because it was a lot more fun. Julia Roberts was actually good, and Albert Finney, as always, was awesome. *Traffic*, on the other hand, has Benicio Del Toro in his best role to date. The votes are going to be split between the two films and this will cause them to cancel each other out.

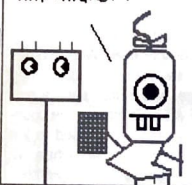
With *Traffic* and *Erin Brockovich* canceling each other out, this will allow *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* to take the best picture award. Of all the nominees, I think it deserves it the most. I didn't enjoy the movie as much as I thought I would because I thought it was really bloated by all

the hype surrounding it. As a transnational action/drama it works very well, but I was just never completely engrossed by the film. There was just something missing. *Crouching Tiger* was also nominated for the Best Foreign Language Film, which may hurt its chances for Best Picture but I think it might be the first film to garner both awards. Hopefully voters will see right through *Gladiator* and *Chocolat*. Then they'll have to decide between *Traffic* and *Erin Brockovich*. The voters will think "golly they're both sooooo good and they deal with social issues, which is important to me. Ugh! I just can't decide! This is sooooo hard! Well I did see a movie with subtitles this year. It was good. Oh live a little (insert Academy voter's name here) vote for a foreign film. I can always tell Harvey I voted for *Chocolat* so he won't break my legs."

It's sad because that's how it really works. Oh well, I can always follow the Razzies. *Battlefield Earth* is up for 8 categories this year! Yippee.

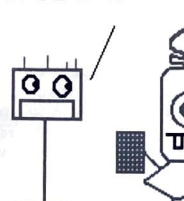


Six-letter word for
"milk-maker".

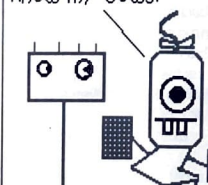


Screamin' Steven

N-I-P-P-L-E!!!!



Thanks. I don't
know my Cows.



By KARL MOORE

THE NEW MATH

BY ALYSSA DZAUCIS

Math is a crazy thing. Math scrawled in black marker on buildings is even crazier. All those percentages! All that computation! All those leaps of logic and bending of physics! It makes my head spin. Let's see if we can work through this one together: if 25 percent of Hampshire women will be raped and you multiply that by 90 percent whiteness, the product should come out to be priceless male privilege with a remainder of 2. Gee, Barbie was right, "Math is hard". I was in advanced math and I still can't figure it out!

But seriously, what is this crap? Is Mr./Ms. Vandal trying to tell us that 25 percent of Hampshire females will be raped by someone on campus? That white women aren't raped? That whiteness is synonymous with sexual aggression? That we should be fearful of everyone and everything? I'm trying to follow the logic but it's bringing me nowhere. For instance, in order to make these numbers work do I have to get white, frat boys with ski masks. Assault doesn't have just one busy this semester and I don't

think I'll be able to work sexual assault into my schedule should I be picked. And since I was already a statistic can I get a replacement, or will that screw up the master plan? It makes no sense to me. While it's true that about 1 out of 3 women will be sexually assaulted in their lifetimes that's not where the facts end. 1 out of 9 men will be assaulted as well. In 1995 alone 32,130 males age 12 and older were the victims of rape, attempted rape or sexual assault. Also many assault victims are children. Teenagers 16 to 19 years old are three and half times more likely to be the victims of sexual assault than the general populace. Many young men and women are victims of assault before they even think about applying to college. It's not just white men who commit acts of sexual violence, and it's irresponsible to assume such. About 68% of sexual assault victims knew their attacker. Assaults are committed by husbands, boyfriends, fathers, and brothers, not just random, white, frat boys with ski masks. Assault doesn't have just one busy this semester and I don't

lines of black ink.

I was assaulted at a young age by someone I knew, and the kicker is, it wasn't a man! It was a woman! The graffiti didn't say anything about that now did it? (Now is it just me, or did the paradigm shift?) But don't worry, gentle readers, I fell back into the homogeny in high school when I was raped by a big, strong, white male with a inferiority complex. After all, I had to balance the scorecard and reassert my accepted victimhood somehow. Everytime I walk past that mess of black numbers on FPH I wonder if the vandal had ever been sexually assaulted or knew someone who was. Because as a survivor of assault I know I don't appreciate the "facts" about assault being scribbled out and distorted for some worthless, inflammatory vandalism. And I bet fellow survivors don't appreciate looking at it either, since it only makes a mockery of pain by reducing it to an incomprehensible eye sore. If you think self righteous graffiti will solve rape, better think again.



*statistics taken from the Rape Abuse Incest National Network webpage

WE GET LETTERS

Karl,

Shouldn't your "article" in the Omen be titled, "Dare to Admit Your Infantile Dreams"?

Is it possible you have self-esteem issues? Is it possible you really dream of being repsected by real people who are around you as opposed to worshipped by media people who don't know you exist? Should I feel bad for attacking you because its obvious to me you are suffering? No, because you make others suffer in your stupid ass attempt to be cool and I guess funny.

OK then, so in case you were wondering, you really are just a pathetic little fuck like the other Omen "authors."



BY MAX POWER

DARE TO DREAM

From answering machine:
Hey babe, some of us
in the cast were thinking
of having a party this
weekend. Can you make
it? If I'm not in when
you call back, just leave
a message with Brad.
Ciao!

Ready for your self defense lesson?

I recorded
Must See TV
and Saturday
Night Live as
you
requested.
Do you care
to watch
them now
while I brush
your hair?

My mistress,
would you
allow me the
pleasure of
watching you
laugh? I
exist merely
to see you
smile.

Angel, the extra
large size sense of
humor you ordered
for Hampshire has
arrived. Billy and
I will go install it.

I just have one
question before
we begin, my
love. May we
work with our
shirts off? The
blistering
February heat
makes them
stick to our
rippling
muscles.

VICIOUS
RUMORSDON'T BUILD THAT
WESTERN TOWN

BY J WILDER KONSCHAK

Columns Contribute to Community Dialogue: In lieu of a community center, Hampshire college has commissioned the use of the FPH columns as a central locale for meetings of the mind. The "Foundations of Dialogue," or "Talk Posts," were proposed by a DivIII student studying Community Development, William Booroostoomanivich, and were inspired by the traditional tribal posts of native Massachusettians. The student group CDRG (Collective for Difficult to Remove Graffiti) has the honor of being the first to reserve column space for their piece "White Terror?" a frank discussion of the correlation between white attendance ratios and rape occurrences. Members of the WGWW (We're Gonna Write on Walls) plan to utilize the columns next for their piece, "Too Many Bananas?" which explores the high correlation of banana imports and automobile pollution.

Lots of Snow: Contacts within the Phys Plant have informed us of large amount of snow. This has three possible causes. First: mild nuclear winter, resulting from nuclear testing off the coast of New Jersey. Third: during a continent-wide broadcast of "We Will Rock You," every person in Eurasia stomped on the ground at once, knocking the entire planet of Earth (the planet on which we live) out of orbit. We are now slowly drifting toward Mars, where, as every Steve Martin fan knows, there are many kittens. Second: it is very cold, and it keeps snowing.

Women Finally Comfortable, thanks to Lifetime: The Lifetime Channel, which is rumored to be a requirement of our cable lineup, wisely protected by the Student Affairs office, has finally made women on campus feel safe. "The View empowers me," says Christine Fernsebner Eslao. Thier back-to-back, action-packed schedule of date-rape movies, crazy ex-husbands, and kidnapped children have made women feel represented and understood. "Unsolved Mysteries shows that they understand that we like to be spooked. And then, of course, Robert Stack is hot." CFE (Christine Fernsebner Eslao) adds. The only weakness of the lineup is *Golden Girls*, which no one likes, and is insulting to everyone everywhere.

Arts Village Still Ugly: According to Michael Zole, though he's long expected the Arts Village to cease being ugly, it persists being downright unattractive, and "this is worthy of note." We (the campus) are left to ask, if there's so much beautiful art going on INSIDE, why must it look like ass on the outside?

Omen Wants to Start Making Jokes: After 16 semesters of political commentary and careful discussion, it is rumored that the Omen will soon begin to lighten up. "We want to make some jokes, have a little fun, maybe be sarcastic once in a while." This comes as a shock to many Hampshire students who've long depended on the Omen for its frank, straight-forward pieces. Many students fear that, after so many years of seriousness, the Omen's jokes might be taken as serious commentary, might be thought to reflect the actual views of the staff, and may stir up trouble. For example, a satire about pop culture and body image might be taken as a serious mockery of women. "I wouldn't worry about that," said Omen editor, Wilder Konschak. "This is an intelligent campus. They understand what a joke is, they recognize sarcasm and satire, and the power it has to change things. They'll be quick to catch on to the new irreverent, playful format. I don't think we have to worry about anything." Only time will tell how the campus feels about the Omen's new joking style.





SO AVANT-GARDE IT HURTS

BY JEFF PATERNOSTRO

Author's note: The views I express in this article are mine and mine alone, and in no way reflect the views of the rest of the *Omen* staff. I seriously debated over whether or not to submit this article. I walked into the Tuesday night meeting, geared up to write this piece. But after listening to the breadth of opinions and passion of my fellow staff members, I began to waffle on it a bit. Being a first year I have missed most of the controversy and virulence that everyone associates with the *Omen*. It's a collegiate humor magazine, which means lots of Joycean movie reviews, crude stick figure cartoons, and lots of clever whining about lack of sex. I have trouble reconciling the two views of the *Omen*, the one I see and am part of, and the one that seems to be thrust upon it by the rest of the campus. So, moments short of flipping a coin, I decided to junk part two of "A Brief History of Music" and bring you this installment of *Theoretical Calvinball*. -j.p.]

I am a huge art enthusiast. That, of course, is just a euphemism to say that I have trouble making stick figures. Nonetheless, I love art, and a very diverse lot of artists as well from Pollock to Michelangelo. I always visit the Metropolitan when I am in New York City and I grew up just a stone's throw from the Wadsworth Athenaeum. If I

wasn't an impoverished and unemployed college student, I would hope to have a print or two of Dali and maybe Monet up on my Spartan dorm walls. I have unlimited respect and admiration for those who can take something from their mind and make a completely concrete representation of it. Art skips the synapses and connects the mind to form. This is not submitted with the intention to make me look like an expert on the craft; I am far from it.

I went to *On Our Own Terms* with as open a mind as possible. I know the cynic in everyone will probably dismiss that statement, but I was genuinely curious. I had only heard a few fragments of information about the exhibit at a recent *Omen* layout meeting. I went in with the understanding that the articles written by Brady Burroughs last Spring would be 'subjects' in the exhibit. I have read "Cum on Eileen" and "Free Speech, Mofos" in their entirety a few times and have no problem with anyone finding them offensive. This added to my curiosity to see what inspiration Hampshire artists would drag from these pieces.

Art is a very powerful tool to advance a social or political agenda, because of its ability to directly connect with people. Picasso's *Guernica* is a good example of this. Art is a powerful force. The task of balancing the message with the art is a narrow-

ing task, and often, especially in modern art, it seems that the message begins to overwhelm the artistic merit of the piece.

I won't be trite and say I was disappointed with the exhibit. To be honest I had pretty low expectations to begin with given the limited exposure I have had to this campus. The red spray paint, the flippant, postmodern "Is this your issue?" the ludicrous proportion of the work. I was left feeling cheated, thinking it was a bit of a copout.

Okay, that is not entirely true either. That was a diplomatic way of saying that I think its sole purpose was to inflame the *Omen*'s defenders and reopen the old wounds of a year ago. Brady had left the campus. Wade Stuckwisch has graduated. Jacob Chabot has graduated. If anyone had bothered to read "Why are all the *Omen* Kids sitting together in the Cafeteria" instead of dumping them in the post office garbage can, they might have gained some insight into the *Omen* staff of this year, a contrite group that is actually kind of weary of continuing to justify its existence. The work was emotional. How do you critique it? How to you engage in a discussion with the artist about it? I read through some of the comments left. There were very divergent viewpoints on the work, but each was equally passionate and tended towards inflammatory

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

WHAT'S WEAK THIS WEEK

BY BRADY BURROUGHS

Much of the *Omen* seems to be made up of opinion of one sort of another or more rarely fiction. To counteract this non-factual phenomenon, this article will begin a series of installments dealing with historical forms of torture from around the world. Names and dates will be given when available. This will continue until I run out (not likely) or I get sick of doing it (more likely). So without further ado, lets take a looksie!

I figured I'd start with the most recognizable device: the rack. The rack is probably one of the oldest mechanical tortures known, with examples dating back to Egypt and Babylonia and a favorite during the Spanish Inquisition. A fairly simple device, the victim's arms

and legs were bound to a wooden frame equipped with a wheel at one or both ends to which the bound limbs were attached with rope. The wheel(s) were then turned at whatever speed the torturer wished, thereby stretching the body lengthwise—the point being to dislocate every joint in the body. As one would expect, the smaller joints like the wrist would go first before the larger and more painful joints would snap. Adding to the already excruciatingly painful nature of the torture, the loud snapping and popping of the joints as they gave out would further help to break the spirit of the victim. In this manner, victims were stretched as much as twelve additional inches before dying. An Italian example circa 1500 fea-

tured a series of spikes laid perpendicular to the direction of the stretching, thereby adding laceration and likely infection to an already excruciating and otherwise bad day/week/month.

During the Spanish Inquisition, the stretching was not enough. Once a victim was lashed in place and not going anywhere even if he/she DID escape, an Inquisitor typically took to poking and jabbing and tearing with red-hot pincers. Another popular follow up to rack torture was twirling the victim's intestines out around a spit—Anyone who has seen *The Cell* knows what I'm talking about.

Additional information provided by: <http://www.dimensional.com/~randl/racking.htm>



SO AVANT-GARDE...

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

language. And this is the closest thing I have seen to a discussion of the issue this year, trading epithets in a spiral notebook, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The fact remains, as a result of what happened last Spring, there will forever be a small, but incredibly vocal minority who will cast the *Omen* in the worst light possible. The posters advertising our open meetings will be ripped down. I am incredibly proud to work for a publication that will print anything. By definition that publication's sole duty is to be a forum for discourse, something this campus is lacking.

The place for complaints against the *Omen* is the *Omen*, because we publish everything. I know this gets said again and again, but only because no one ever attempts to respond to us. They respond about us. We are not a hard group to find. Our meeting times are posted in every issue, right across from our staff box. The *Omen* is not a homogenous entity.

When I first heard about what happened last Spring, I marveled at the idea of a free speech publication having its existence threatened on what is probably one of the more liberal colleges in the country. Now, one way or the other, I will make

sure that the *Omen* is around for the rest of my four years. If a year later I see this article blown up on the floor of the gallery with red spray paint over it, I won't see it as an accomplishment. I don't take any pride in drawing the ire of the Hampshire campus. It's just kind of sad that someone gets to empower themselves and their vision through art and they use it as an attempt at self-victimization.

Until next time, who am I to blow against the wind? I know what I know. I'll sing what I say. We come and we go. That's the thing I keep in the back of my head.



ZAK

The Omen Maniac

WATER = NEGATIVE LACK OF WATER

As reported in the February 15th issue of *The New York Times*, water fountains and water fountain maintenance have become the 4th largest industry in America. This inspired me to evaluate Hampshire College's water fountain resources. Thus I present Professor Zachary's Fantabulous Hampshire College Water Fountain Guide, all you need to maximize your water fountain experience.

I start my journey in Franklin Patterson Hall, where I find a roller coaster selection of three WFs. The most used WF sits along the 105-107 class room hallway and, despite serious problems last spring, delivers a decent drink with a steady stream but still needs to be a little colder before I can fully recommend it. Also, I am wary of a relapse to the mechanical problems of times past.

To reach the second and third FPH WFs requires covert action on the part of the student as they lie in the teacher office halls in the top floor and basement respectively. The top floor WF should be skipped due to a bifurcated stream, warm temperature, and extreme personal risk. This is not true of the basement WF, which, while difficult to find, will reward the ardent water seeker with a steady stream of cold mountain water. The best available at FPH.

Next I make my way to the Robert Cole Center athletic facilities, anticipating the heavy duty water supply needed to keep our athletes at their peak. What I find, while not a complete aqua-failure, is disappointing. The first WF, located in the hallway leading to the gymnasium, offers a tepid brew unsuitable for true sports-

men. The second WF is found inside the gymnasium, and, while an improvement, is still not satisfactory. Two notes: First, before drinking, you should let this WF run for several seconds. You'll taste the difference. Second: This WF features a hand-washing station, a consideration I wish more in the industry would take note of.

I leave the RCC and head down the path toward Emily Dickinson Hall. After making the arduous trek I need a thirst quencher, but what I receive is possibly the worst WF on all of Hampshire campus. I practically have to suckle the spigot before I can reach the stream, which consists of something I'm not sure I can in good conscience label water. My suggestion: Bring your own.

I reverse my journey and enter the library, looking forward to the opportunity to test the building's reputation for high quality H₂O. I find four WFs in the building, each strategically located next to the elevator on their respective floors. First I hit the library lobby on floor one (not to be confused with ground level, which is bone dry). My legs nearly give out from under me as I taste the pure water elemental, a gift from on high that reaches into my very being and evolves me into a more enlightened state. It's good water.

The other three WFs (in the basement and second and third floors) are also of the highest caliber, delivering water that does Jesus (the Sumerian god of water) proud with thick streams, high arcs, and refreshingly cool temperatures. This is truly a great building.

Next on my trip is Cole Science

Center, home to both a greenhouse and an animal torture center. The first of three WFs is located in the office hallway on the ground floor. I pity NS students, as their main water fountain delivers a tiny stream that tastes more like ass than anything else. Also, at the time of my tasting the drain had become clogged, resulting in a pool of gray, stinky liquid.

The second and third floors each featured a fountain that, while superior to the ground floor ass water, were lacking, featuring limp streams and warm water. My suggestion: Switch to CS.

Next I stopped at Ash, permanent home of two computer labs, an auditorium, Ryan Moore, and two WFs. The ground floor WF (located next to the bathroom in a clear statement about the cyclical nature of life at Hampshire) will service your dear beverage needs, but does nothing spectacular with the genre. The same goes for the second floor WF.

Across the pathway is the lone WF of the film/photo building, which delivers an odd tasting water that left me a bit worried. Notable for its dual handles, accessible to both right and left handed students (and its about goddamn time).

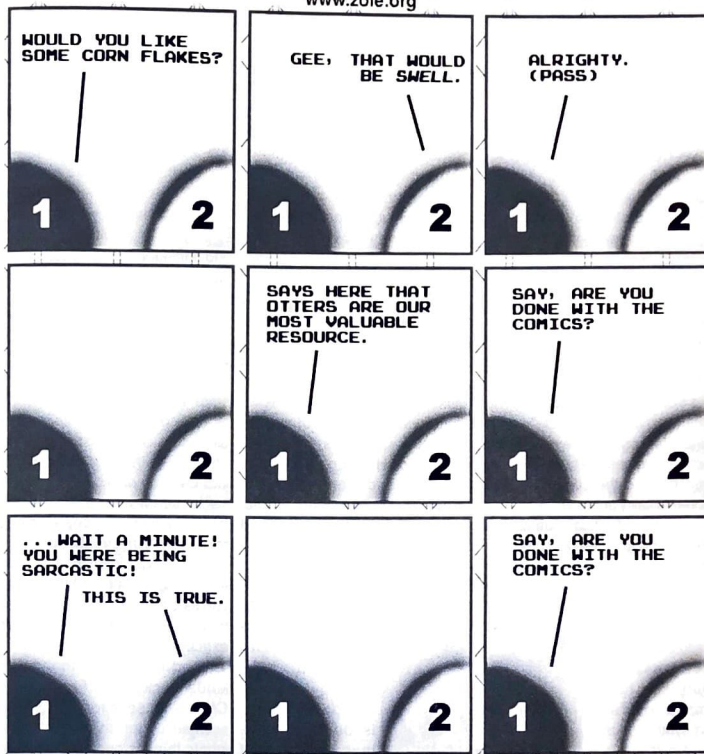
I left the funny tasting water of the film/photo building and headed to the music building, where I found massive chairs elevated above the rest of humanity. Apparently those running the program put all of their money into chairs and not enough into fountains, as the fountain was decidedly lacking both in temperature, overall taste, and strength

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XII

by M. Zole ★

www.zole.org



WATER = NEGATIVE...

continuations

of stream.

This was not the case for the music building's crazy cousin, the dance building, where I found an adequate but not breath taking thirst quencher.

In the end I found that Hampshire's water supply is a roller coaster ride of shocking highs and desperate lows. The true water seeker is advised to go straight to the library for all of their moisture needs, but as long as you avoid taking classes in EDH or Cole you should make it to Div 3 all right.



We Hardly Knew Ye

ARE WE NOT MENINGITIS?

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

You don't hear about Devo much anymore, and I think it has something to do with the fact that they broke up some time in 1991. You may remember Devo from such hit singles as "Whip It," "Girl U Want," "Jocko Homo," and a cover of the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction" that makes Cat Power's version all the more irrelevant. The first two of these are from *Freedom of Choice* (1980), Devo's first and last commercially successful album, which we'll be taking a look at this week.

Devo, formed by some art school students from Ohio, began as a spin-off from a film called "The Truth About De-evolution," which stated that instead of evolving, the human race has gradually been regressing into the conformity and mob-mentality antics we see today (hence the identical outfits and jerky, robotic sounds Devo became known for). They were New Wave, to be sure, but in a very interesting way that blended traditional rock & roll with a little bit of punk and heavy smatterings of analog synthesizers.

So the question is, can Devo write a decent song, or are your suspicions correct that "Whip It" is kind of a fluke? Well, you're in luck: *Freedom of Choice* is a good, solid album with just the right amount of rock, quirk, and Moog. If you're not familiar with Devo, this is a good starting point. If you are familiar with Devo, then you probably own this album.

There's a lot for Zole to like about *Freedom of Choice*, not the least of which is the timeframe. The whole 12-song shebang clocks in at 32 minutes, making this one-to-the-point album. Without being overbearing, each song has a little comment on humanity's foibles, including several very interesting and non-standard takes on the love song (such as the interestingly-spelled "Ton O' Luv" and an ode to horniness, "Don't You Know"). I have to confess I'm not great at describing music, so if you need more adjectives, the online All Music Guide (www.allmusic.com) has a "Music Expert Check" which allows users to vote on a set of canned descriptions. Devo is "Irreverent, Energetic, Humorous, Playful, Witty, Acerbic, Tense/Anxious, Quirky, Silly, Detached, Ironic, Cynical/Sarcastic". Whatever. I think it's "catchy".

All this is fine and good, but here's the interesting part: While Devo could be considered a predecessor to later techno bands, *Freedom of Choice* is decidedly human-sounding, if that makes any sense. The vocals

are for the most part unprocessed, the guitars are a bit muted but present, and the drums are real. There are synthesizers aplenty, but they are used mostly for melody and some bass lines. In fact, it's hard to find a recent band that makes such extensive use of synthesizers without ditch-

ing real instruments entirely. Maybe The Rentals come close. I don't know.

This isn't to say that the setup doesn't drag at points – innovation always comes with a price. The synthesizer sounds on *Freedom of Choice* are staccato to a fault, and this is relieved only slightly by the guitars (which is odd considering the guitar-heavy nature of Devo's first album). The production is standard early-80's fare, but even so the vocals seem buried through most of the album. While the songwriting is good, and most of the songs stand up quite well to repeat listens, the album's overall organization is a bit lacking. Songs just sort of start and end, without really "flowing" into each other, and a few of the tracks seem a bit disconnected from the rest, like one of those rooms in Super Mario Bros. where you go down the pipe and there's coins but it's kind of like you're on a different level even though it looks the same. That's exactly what it's like.

And on second thought, it kinda sucks that *Freedom of Choice* is so short. Maybe it seemed longer on vinyl, but the whole thing is over just a bit too soon. But I'm being too critical here; early Devo is good Devo, and *Freedom of Choice* is both damn catchy and substantial enough to warrant listening past "Whip It". If you've been wasting your life on banal synth-pop, perhaps you should let Devo show you what the real deal is.



THE OMEN: WE PRINT EVERYTHING



Section ZOLE



BY MICHAEL ZOLE

I actually wasn't too impressed with the first *Omen* I saw. It struck me as pretentious and needlessly self-interested, like most art. Then I actually read the damn thing, and even though most of the content was written by the same 3 or 4 people, it was pretty good. I attended the next staff meeting, decided to become a staff member, and became a diehard *Omen* loyalist in less time than it takes most people to make toast.

So while I don't officially represent the *Omen*, I would like to set the record straight. There are a lot of misconceptions about the *Omen*, many of them mean-spirited, that are limiting this publication's potential. Some of this might be the *Omen*'s fault – for example, the procedure for submitting an article should be clearer – but in many cases I think the Hampshire public has simply judged the *Omen* without enough information.

First of all, there seems to be a misconception that the *Omen* has some kind of an official stance, political or otherwise. The *Omen* is an open-submission magazine. If you submit an article, The *Omen* will print it (within the provisions listed on page 3 of this issue.) No questions asked. We, the *Omen* staff as individuals, may not like your article and we may not agree with what you say, but as staff members, that does not matter to us. Trust me: we just

want to print your shit.

Another issue is the staff. Since most of our submissions come from staff members – which is not a situation we like, incidentally – it may seem as if the *Omen* is an exclusive club, producing a magazine for the purposes of self-aggrandizement. Well, this is true, except for the "exclusive" part. Anyone can write for the *Omen*. Anyone should. You don't have to be a good writer. As long as we can figure out what the hell you're saying, go ahead and submit something. We are not going to make fun of you. Well, Gabe might, but the rest of us won't.

In fact, not only is everyone encouraged to write for the *Omen*, anyone can become a staff member. Write for three issues in a row and boom, you're a staff member, and entitled to all the privileges that come with it (free pizza at layout, a graphic by your title, and a cryptic message next to your name in the staff box). Unlike a few student organizations on this campus, we will not exclude you just because we don't like you.

But here's one of my biggest pet peeves. There is a widely-held misconception that the *Omen* is a humor magazine and nothing more. While it's true that many of us

Omen staffers are fun-loving people, and our articles consequently raise a chuckle or two, this is not a requirement for submissions! Hell, this article sure isn't funny. There are plenty of serious matters on this campus that somebody needs to write about, and I can't do it because I'm too busy playing *Crazy Taxi*. SOURCE – why not write an article about why you need a rep on Community Council? Hampshire Community Radio – isn't the printed page a more credible medium for your proposal than the Daily Jolt? Kendo Club – wouldn't an article about kendo be cool? The *Omen* enjoys a healthy readership, and if you write something, a bunch of people will read it.

At this point I would like to reiterate that I am not the *Omen*. I am merely a staffer who is entitled to his own opinion. But so are you, and now is the time to question your assumptions about the *Omen*. The *Omen* is here to serve you, and no matter how crazy your opinions are, no matter how many spelling and grammatical ideas you article has. So write an article and submit it. We desperately need filler material, and I'm not allowed to write about video games anymore.



THERE IS A WIDELY-HELD MISCONCEPTION THAT THE OMEN IS A HUMOR MAGAZINE AND NOTHING MORE.



GEEK LOVE

RAD IS RAD

BY KARL MOORE

Let's face it. The *Omen* sucks; it's just a bunch of students writing to see themselves read. So right here, right now, I'm making my own magazine between these pages that will be oh so much better. *Rad* magazine will be just that -Radical. Everybody will love it, including you.

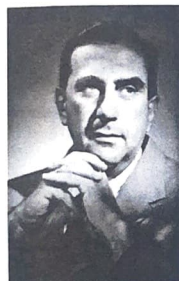
There will be incisive commentary on world issues, such as this week's bombing of Iraq (bad?) and the DVD release of *Bring It On* (good).

There will also be stirring short fiction:

LOST AND COLD

"Carlos tiptoed past the grizzly's den, then WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP he was dead."

And pictures of famous people:



In addition to music reviews:

"Ween's *White Pepper* is very spicily good! So is everything else by them."

You better believe there'll be recipes, too:

Veal Piccata

Total preparation and cooking time: 25 minutes

1 pound veal leg cutlets (the whitest you can find, cut 1/8 to 1/4 inch thick), 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon paprika, 1/8 teaspoon ground white pepper, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1/2 cup dry white wine, 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice, 2 teaspoons drained capers, 1 teaspoon butter.

1. Pound veal cutlets to 1/8 inch thickness, if necessary. Combine flour, salt, paprika and white pepper. Lightly coat both sides of cutlets with flour mixture.

2. In large nonstick skillet, heat 1/2 of oil over medium heat until hot. Add 1/2 of cutlets; cook 3 to 4 minutes or until cooked through, turning once. Remove cutlets; keep warm. Repeat with remaining oil and cutlets.

3. Add wine and lemon juice to skillet; cook and stir until browned bits attached to skillet are dissolved and liquid thickens slightly. Remove from heat; stir in capers and butter. Spoon sauce over cutlets.

Makes 4 servings

So call up/write to the *Omen* right now and demand them to convert to *Rad*. It's just that.



THE DREAM TEASER

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

She woke as she had slept, with sadness and with slow desire. Her dreams faded too quickly even to think of thinking of them, and she let them go, knowing they were filled with him. He had been all her thoughts for weeks, letting no others enter her head or heart, or rather, her figment of him was of an inclination to be jealous. She knew better than to think the man himself was of such a mind as that. She did know him for what he was, but truth could not keep her from exploring all worlds of possibility within her imagination.

She damned her own head, pounding it into the pillow as if to drive him out through the ears. He was so thin, perhaps he could simply fall out. No, no, he was stuck, as much a permanent fixture as breathing. She had tried so hard to let him go, even as he was worming his way farther inside her. She watched herself fall in love with him, a slow painful process to be sure. The only thing comparable is drug addiction, but even that is not the same. Love, unrequited, is like a little death. Not le petit mort which the French speak of with such enthusiasm, but truly a small death, where a vital part of you for a time ceases to function, and will never be the same.

She had fallen in love more than once, each time with similar symptoms and results. It was love because it never stopped hurting, even when she finally fell out of it. She could watch and see and re-

gret for her entire life, and perhaps she would, because love never conquered all. It was not that she was without affection. No, Laura was a master of liking and lust, and she had a list of boys to show for it. Rather, she was too good at it, and spent all her time around boys who would only satisfy one kind of hunger. But she knew the other. She knew love more than she realized, and more than she would ever say to anyone. She wanted, she craved, but she would find no sustenance, certainly not with the boys she favored.

Her thoughts drifted back to the night before, to the boy, to the bed, to the dark inebriation which guided her choices. The haunting smell of hashish still clung to her clothing and hair. She remembered with clarity the euphoria, the elevated senses and the lack of sense. She remembered wanting to touch him, to feel the softness of his skin across his shoulder blades. It was always the neck for her. The first kiss. The first bite. Once there had been a boy, not knowing her intentions, who screamed when her teeth grazed him. This one did not scream. No, he bit back, and she had been so pleased, letting out little moans and then cries of pleasure as he left marks which would last for days. She looked in a mirror. Yes, long red marks, some resembling a rash, others more like scrapes. Her neck was sensitive to the touch. But that wasn't the only area that was sensitive. For once a smile

came to her face as she remembered the attentions given to her. She remembered how even through his drug haze, he was sensitive and gentle until she told him not to be. Then he was demanding, but still ... perceptive. Yes, he was perceptive to what she needed sexually. He understood that she needed to be kissed, that even as he tasted sweeter areas, he had to return to her mouth, which craved his tongue and lips. He understood how she kept her eyes open, how she needed to look at him constantly, and how she needed her gaze returned. He knew she wouldn't talk, except to cry softly, "Oh God," but rarely did she even do that, which is not to imply that she was quiet. She screamed as she came, a wild shriek thanking and damning him for her pleasure. Laura's smile faded. She remembered that once they were done, and had slept a little, he left, only half-dressing himself before he closed the door behind him. She remembered that he had not kissed her good-bye, or even touched her. And he remembered to take all his things. This one, she knew, was not coming back. Sometimes they did. They never called, but they wanted to know what she was doing that weekend. Get her drunk, get her stoned, get her laid, that seemed to be the general consensus among the boys of her acquaintance. This boy didn't know and hadn't wanted to know that she'd have slept with him sober. Probably.

J'accuse!



GABE STARTED DRINKING

For my article this week, I decided not to write about anything serious, because I've been doing that too often, and I have little doubt that this issue will have way too much dry, serious content. But then I realized that even if I write about something not serious, I will still be reinforcing the dominant paradigm by writing in words at all. So I decided that, in order to be really radically interdisciplinary, I would draw a picture of myself not writing about something serious. I drew it on the bus, so it may look a bit screwed up, but here it is.

That's me in the middle, holding a fine-point Pilot Easy-Touch™ ballpoint pen in one hand, and a piece of paper without a serious article on it in the other. I'm smiling because I'm happy about my subversion of the dominant paradigm. In the lower left-hand corner is the severed head of Uncle Jessie from TV's "Full House," lying in a pool of blood. In the lower right-hand corner is a kittie. The sun is shining, and all is well.

I didn't feel right submitting my artwork without some sort of artist's statement to accompany it. So here is the written counterpart to the image. I hope you like my picture of me not being serious, and I hope to bring you more artwork in the future.

Now I have to go pee. Please excuse me.



On loan from the Danny Tamberelli Collection.

THE DREAM TEASER

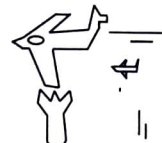
continuations

FROM PAGE 21 She'd almost forgotten what it was like to engage in intimate acts while not under the influence. It had been a long time. Was she brave enough to risk the emotions that came while you were still in control of yourself? Was she brave enough to risk the consequences of no excuses? Could she say, "Yes, I did it. I did it because I wanted it and I wanted him?" She didn't think so. Besides, it didn't matter. He'd gone home, called the girl he was really in love with, and slept happy, sated. All she had now was the sore heat between her legs, the marks on her neck, and a memory not worth the pain it caused her.

So she got up. She had caught him at a moment climbed out of bed with slow, jerky movements and went to the bathroom, washing the bad taste out of her mouth. She took a shower and

washed her hair three times. She cleaned everything. Intense burned in her room for hours, making it hard to breathe, but easier to forget the musky smell which identified him to her. And then she went out. She did what she did every time this happened: she went to the mall. She put on makeup and fixed her hair and determined that she would start over. Again. She would forget the boy with his eyes and hair and green sweater. More than anything else, she would forget the love that radiated out of his heart, never towards her. She would remember that although he was sweet to her, he was sweet to everyone, and that last night of weakness. But God, she loved him. She'd known ever since she saw him with her friends, that his energy would attract her. He was so vibrant,

so colorful. So much like her. She had to stop thinking about him. It was time to find a bottle of brandy and a new boy to block him out. Both were scarily easy to accomplish.



George W Bush Bombs The Article Goblins back into the Disco Age.



THE VALUE OF BEING CRASS

continuations

FROM PAGE 8 Nevertheless, I feel it would be a sin against myself to change the way I write. However, at the end of the day, even if I did truly believe these things we've been accused of believing (which I certainly don't), I would still have the right to say them.

I believe in the Omen. I believe it is a place to discuss these matters in many ways. My way is through satire and sarcasm. I feel that being crass, that crossing barriers, that being rude, ultimately widens the range of ac-

ceptable speech, protecting our ability to speak comfortably. In the Omen, you can say anything: you need not remain quiet because you are afraid you will say the wrong thing, will use the wrong word, will phrase something incorrectly. You do not need to worry about your view being unpopular, trite, or underdeveloped. Your jokes don't have to be appreciated. Say what you feel, as rude as you want. Say what you think, as garbled as you can. Be incomplete, be unclear, make

mistakes, and contradict yourself. Just get it out there. Put it on the table. When people want to respond, or you want to clarify, you know where to do it: the Omen. It's a place where what you say is something said, not who you are.

I'm proud to write here week after week, playing devil's advocate, channeling the views of those I hate, speaking up for those I love, laughing, playing around, and filling space. This has been the voice of the real Wilder. Over and out.



THE OMEN PRESENTS Famous Febs Throughout The Ages

Febs are like Canadians – we interact with them every day without even knowing it. Febs come from all walks of life, and believe it or not, many interesting historical figures were Febs!



Coming from a long line of actors, **Drew Barrymore** became a star at the age of seven from her roles in *Altered States*, *E.T.*, and *Irreconcilable Differences*. Following the requisite post-child stardom drug problems and suicide attempts, Drew returned to acting in a big way, with performances in such critically-acclaimed films as *Everyone Says I Love You*, *Home Fries*, and *Never Been Kissed*. **Drew Barrymore was a Feb!**

One of the most brilliant and notorious figures of ancient history, **Julius Caesar** was both a powerful general and a skilled politician. Between 58 and 50 B.C. he led a massive conquest of Gaul followed by a civil war that left him the most powerful man in Rome. In the midst of a weakening republic, Caesar was declared dictator of Rome with the intention of bringing about order, but in 44 he was assassinated by a group of conspirators who feared his monarchical power. **Julius Caesar was a Feb!**



Beck burst onto the scene in 1994 with a unique blend of folk, rap, and Sonic Youth-style noise. His major label debut *Mellow Gold*, recorded for less than \$200, spawned the hit single "Loser". Beck became a true media darling with the release of the Dust Brothers-produced *Odelay* in 1996, earning numerous awards and paving the way for follow-ups *Mutations* and *Midnite Vultures*. **Beck was a Feb!**



French physicist **Marie Curie** was an acclaimed physicist and the first woman to win a Nobel prize (twice, in fact!). She did extensive research on radioactivity, discovering the atoms radium and polonium, and pioneered the medical use of X-rays. **Marie Curie was a Feb!**



Born to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, **Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor** became Queen of the United Kingdom in 1953. As a matter of tradition, the Queen owns four Corgis, and when it's time to kick back, she enjoys horse racing. **Queen Elizabeth II was a Feb!**

In the year 20X5, bounty hunter **Samus Aran** saved Earth from certain doom when she defeated the Space Pirates and their leader, the fearsome Mother Brain. The Space Pirates had captured a deadly creature called Metroid and were planning to use this creature as a biological weapon. At the end of this mission, the enigmatic armor-clad Aran was revealed to be a woman. **Samus Aran was a Feb!**

